THE COMMONWEAL

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ONE GREAT DELUSION

THAT the past few years have been singularly devoid of strikes and other labor disturbances is a fact. What does it mean? We are asked to believe, on the one hand, that American men and women who suffer from joblessness and poverty are so well cared for that any thought of organized complaint does not occur to them. Others meanwhile declare that radicalism is spreading in secret—that plotters for the overthrow of our national institutions are slowly but surely mustering forces for a determined attack under cover of the prevailing calm. We candidly and sincerely believe that both these assertions are exceedingly naive, if indeed they are made in good faith at all.

There is plenty of evidence to show that at least many, many thousands of the unemployed and the dispossessed are living in a manner far below par. The vaunted notion that private generosity would insure against want, the principle that municipal relief is a progressive substitute for the dole, belong in the company of those numerous exploded ideas by which history must some day judge the twentieth-century United States. We do not, of course, wish to minimize the social energies made manifest during the crisis. It is one's duty to be proud of that feeling of regard for others which has characterized towns and neighborhoods beyond number—a feeling which almost suffices to prove that, for all the chaos of beliefs and doctrines, this is still a Christian nation. But legitimate pride is no fair substitute for honesty. And equally untrue is the assertion that radical Communism is arming behind closed doors. We should be the last to deny the probability that rebellious personages are working hard to gain a following, or that the given American scene is conceivably better adapted to Bolshevist "experiment" than is any other part of the Western world. But no credible evidence exists anywhere to show that the long-suffering poor have drifted farther from their traditional moorings than have the relatively rich.

As a matter of fact, the experience of the United States is no different in this respect than is that of other countries. Labor troubles have dwindled in extent throughout the world. Even Germany, where so much disturbance was anticipated, has been "surprisingly" calm in so far as conflict between capital and labor is concerned; and Great Britain may, despite the power of its unions, point to a record equally as good as that of the United States. Times of crisis do not permit indulgence in luxuries of that kind. When the worker's

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problem boils itself down to an elemental matter of subsistence, the risks involved in using such weapons as the strike cannot be taken. At the same time, the losses sustained by the rich, or the pressure upon the taxpayer, makes all men brethren in deprivation. Revolutionary sentiment is the creature of times of relative prosperity—times during which wages do not rise with the cost of living, and during which individual capitalists amass huge profits with some of which they live riotously or at least luxuriously. From about 1902 to 1913 the United States lived through such a period. Then not merely revolutionary labor movements were part of the day's news, but public opinion secured approximately fifty times more "social legislation" than was passed in the subsequent fifteen years. It was the war which, by absorbing men on an unbelievably large scale, brought to a halt a development that under ordinary circumstances might have grown to be very serious.

All this is important because the present depression will eventually end. The time will come when money can again be gainfully employed, and when the wheels of industry will resume their normal rate of spinning. But in all human probability we can look forward to no such group of halcyon years as sufficed to make a great man of Calvin Coolidge. The future depends, therefore, upon what attitude is taken toward the experience gleaned of suffering during these last years. Living in fear and uncertainty, the American worker has been patient as Job. He has learned how to do without things; he has been grateful for enough food to sustain life. All the while he has staked his chances in this world on the hope that his leaders would struggle with every ounce of energy to give his children an assurance of something better than starvation. But if coming years bring only a new pyramiding of riches in the hands of a few, if unemployment remains the horrible abyss of misery and helplessness it now is, if nothing better than the "law of supply and demand" rules the labor market, then there will be an unmistakable trend toward revolution.

It is pure tommyrot to assert that the "American tradition" ever has been or can be a hidebound version of capitalistic individualism. Nothing is more evident to the student of our history than the ample room which the Constitution affords those who work for social justice and amelioration. Whole decades of our national story are so rich in nothing as in private or public advance toward a better conception of the status and needs of labor. To hold that the "prosperity decade" is a practical demonstration of the value of ideas to which the country has been dedicated since the beginning, is only to indulge in idle chatter any schoolboy could put to a damaging test. On that basis Theodore Roosevelt was certainly no American, and Woodrow Wilson, in his domestic politics, was nothing short of a traitor.

America means essentially this: the endeavor to establish a community from which the castes of older Europe would be permanently banished. That no longer has a clear meaning if it does not also imply the determination to oppose the creation of other castes still more oppressive because still less rooted in reason and fact. We take it that the common American citizen, however patient, has not yet ceased to be an American. And if he still is one, nothing could be more important from his point of view than that there is on his side, squarely and solidly, the doctrine of the Catholic Church.

WEEK BY WEEK

NO RIFT in the economic storm-clouds being visible, America is again ready to pass the hat for the "relief" that will be needed during the coming winter. This time, we are told, fifty-five of the nation's leading citizens will superintend the "mobilization" of funds. In accordance with Hoover principle, there will be no national drive. Everything possible will be done to reinvigorate the readiness of states and communities to finance the bread line. What all this means can be seen quite clearly from a given example, characteristic of millions of cases. The Joneses are out of work, and the city gives them an allowance of $15.00 a month for rent. They have lived in a modest flat which used to cost $45.00—which sum enabled the landlord to pay taxes, make reasonable repairs and meet the mortgage. The landlord accepts the sum proffered by the city, half because he has a heart and half because he couldn't do better anyhow. But the taxes must be paid, the other expenses must be met. In the aggregate—as figures in 10,000 cities will show—the $15.00 does not suffice. Consequently the tax collector meets with no success, mortgages are tied up, and the total planned city budget is snowed under. Thereupon the financial aid of the federal government is besought. A loan is arranged with the Reconstruction Corporation or some similar body. And so in the final analysis the city taxpayers meet the problem of poverty by going into debt to the national administration. As soon as that happens, the whole structure of local or municipal finance is altered. What was previously a solvent corporation is kept afloat only by means of a subsidy.

Three Square Meals

WE HAVE thus as a people walked around the corner to arrive at something as close to the "dole" as ever a European country reached. Nor is it in many, many cases any longer possible to assert that the provision of relief is not the actual business of the American government. During 1931 the German authorities found that their loans to the unemployment insurance corporation had reached such a figure that any thought of a refund was out of the question. Accordingly the loans were cancelled and a new start was made. It is conceivable that Washington will eventually have to do the same thing. But even if the loans are repaid, they certainly constitute levies by the federal government to check the rampages of cold and hunger. Meanwhile

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no real solution of the difficulty emerges. After three years, and with other years ahead of us, we are still apparently so caught in the toils of our own diction that we cannot afford to declare in favor of a practical and dependable approach to the struggle with unemployment and penury. All still proceeds as if recurrent mobilization of fifty-five citizens were the result of a great, humane traditional idea emanating from the superior social wisdom of the United States. One cannot help feeling that some day, however far off that day may be, the people will realize that all of this talk is on a level with calling out General McArthur to dispose of the bonus army by dispersing it along the roads of neighboring states.

Quandaries of Herr Hitler

AFTER a week of bargaining and talking, Germany seems relatively aware that the great Adolf will refuse to sell his soul. Behind him march thirteen millions of scared and disgruntled citizens who would fain behold the rise of a dictator able to put their kind of "order" into the soul of the republic. These and Hitler himself frequently appeared to be an army with no place to go. It is abundantly clear, however, that not every suggested goal will do. The place assigned by the Von Papen government has been turned down as inadequate and undesirable. Hitler will not, after all, play second fiddle in the orchestra set going—fundamentally because of him—by a group of reactionaries momentarily endowed with power by the fiat of an alarmed president. We have said before, and we repeat now, that control of the Reichswehr will not suffice to keep in power a government so seriously short of parliamentary standing as is the present German Cabinet. This represents indeed a compact and well-handled minority which for a time has permitted its imagination to run rampant. On the other hand it is not clear just how parliamentary the Nazis can become. Hitler himself is caught between his fiery tributes to Mussolini and his more cautious, typically German desire to abide within the law. Doubtless a tentative decision must be reached very soon. For whatever side the die is cast, some of the party strength must inevitably be lost. History in these troubled times shows no signs of being completely made.

Congratulations

WE HAVE felt a good deal of vicarious distress for Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh at the by no means always disinterested public attention which has followed them from the beginning. But as we join in the chorus of congratulations to them on the birth of a son, we have not, for once, any tinge of suspicion that with the best intention in the world, we are taking part in an impertinence and adding to a burden. When all deductions have been made on the heads of curiosity and curiosity-feeding, the concern of the world for what these two young people recently endured, was great and real; and it is with the friendliest satisfaction, the most unselfishly personal pleasure, that the world learns of this compensating joy that comes to them. They are a brave, dignified and genuine pair. We hope that this boy will be the realization of all their plans and desires, and will bring them some of the happiness that is so really their due.

The Deepest Bond

WE DO not lack competent analyses of our country's present plight, from the pens of some of the keenest-minded and most devoted of our countrymen. They may be said, with rough truth, to center on three phases of economic and political justice, efficient social engineering and moral idealism. These phases are intensely important. When you have said that our doctrines guarantee every man a fair minimum of material opportunity, and a fair voice in determining laws, and that power and privilege are so concentrated as to defeat these guarantees in an increasing number of cases; when you have said that the mode by which we live, industrialism, tends by definition to make society serve it, and hence to destroy the balance of culture, activity and leisure we call civilization; when you have said that the mark of these maladies on many around us is an ignorance of positive ideals and an acceptance or even defense of materialism—you have covered, perhaps, all that is obviously wrong between the citizen and his government or society. It may be natural, then, that, in the preoccupation with these vital troubles, a more subtle phase of the matter has escaped general formulation: the citizen's spiritual relation to his country, as his larger self. But it only needs to be formulated clearly, as it is by William Orton in the current *Atlantic,* for us to identify it as something profoundly and widely felt, even if unrealized.

"ONE DOES not have to be a nationalist," says Mr. Orton, "to discern that there is a very deep connection between one's nation and one's inner life. . . . Some very deep and dangerous ill assails us when we feel that our country has failed to come within reasonable distance of our personal ideals; and that ill is very prevalent in America today. Men in all countries are locked in a bitter struggle with circumstances in the world without, and in a still more bitter struggle against despair in the world within. . . . Let despair prevail within, and circumstances will always prove too much for humanity in the world without. . . . What strikes one in America today is the tone of moral defeatism one meets on every hand." It would be particularly childish to resent Mr. Orton's reading us this lesson on the mere score of his being an Englishman; so far from being a lecturing foreigner, he is a doctrinaire democrat who believes that if our democracy fails, Europe is in danger. But even aside from that, the indictment is too true, the danger pointed too real, for us to boggle at the source of the warning. When we say that we love our country, this is, in effect, what we mean. We

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are not considering her as that which grants our specific lawful demands: justice and the conditions for our individual development and fight for happiness. We are considering her as that which allows us to believe in her; which gives us, in the natural order, moral reassurance and pride and a living bond with a life larger than our own. This is the justification for the great pagan's *Dulce et decorum,* and the final reason for the Christian dogma that government is of God. It is also the final charge upon us all, for it rests with no one but us, and God, that our country be kept, in that sense, believable.

Extremes Meet

STANDING in the very bow of a large ship at night, one is very likely to have the impression of being followed by a palace; that is, one seems quite disassociated from all that gaudiness, all the intricate inter-relations of lives and the complications of steel, wood and machinery jumbled together like a joke of circumstance. People out on Cape Cod are noted for feeling somewhat the same way about the United States. Its seething problems seem like a lot of nonsense to them as they live very quietly close to the soil and to the sea. Life is surrounded for them by stable and familiar scenes; there are not a few who take pride in never having been off the Cape to the mainland. Village customs are survivals that do not vary from day to day, or year to year. The farmers and fishermen and townfolk use speech sparingly and are suspicious of strangers. How right they are in this, and how wild a place the larger world really is, was recently confirmed by a series of incidents on the very tip of the Cape at Provincetown. Provincetown in the summer is pretty well taken over by visiting artists and literary pests. A short story writer, Arthur Robinson, and a theatrical man, Fred McKay, mutually exasperated each other on the subject of whether Greta Garbo could act. After talk had been reduced to the mere tatters of epithet, they finally fought a duel with rapiers and McKay was pricked on the thumb. Later, Tevis Hoke, novelist, who once fought a duel in the Café du Lapin Mort in Paris and wounded a Frenchman, was irked, he said, by Robinson's boasting and by the fact that Robinson was beginning to permit himself to cast aspersions on Garbo's looks. So another duel was duly arranged and the town was agog. Then the head Selectman of Provincetown stepped in and allowed as how, though the place was remote from the states, duelling couldn't go on; 'tweren't moral. Considering the possibilities of nothing being settled, everything ended well by Robinson admitting that Garbo was a good-looking girl, if you liked her type, and the Cape Codders were confirmed in their opinion of what life is like on the mainland. Lobstermen in their rolling boats, sword-fishermen in their pulpits, or farmers on their hills facing the sea, as they look westward at the continent probably indulge in sobering reflections on the cat and dog life folks lead each other there.

BUSINESS AT THE CROSSROADS

ALL THE heavy artillery of the economists is being brought up to explain the sensational action of the stock market during the closing weeks of July and continuing into August. The unexpected size of the chicken hatched out in Wall Street has called for every sort of explanation, varying from the easy word "inflation" to the more malicious words "political propaganda."

In the maze of arguments presented, a few facts seem to stand forth clearly. They are worth more than passing comment. We have, for example, the fact of Lausanne and all that the decisions of that conference imply concerning a final reduction in intergovernmental debts. Then, there is the striking fact that the speed of turnover of American business, as measured by various important banking figures, has held rather more than steady since the first of April—in most enheartening contrast to the similar periods in 1930 and 1931. There is also the fact, which fortunately lies beyond the realm of dispute, that the amount of Central Bank credit outstanding, in relation to gold reserves, has increased enormously during the last year, and that the amount of currency in circulation, in relation to total gold reserves, has also increased at a rather sensational rate. As a further measurable fact, we might cite the very rapid rise which has taken place in net bank balances since the month of February. These balances are higher today, in relation to outstanding bank loans, than at any other period on record since accurate monthly records have been kept.

Without making any pretense to deep economic lore, it seems to us, on the face of things, that a prospective scaling down of the most troublesome debt structure in the world today, combined with a steadier trend in business activity, with distinct inflationary tendencies in currency and credit, and with a measurable increase in the supply of surplus funds, should contribute generously toward an altered public attitude. We are not so rash as to say that the world's economic troubles have passed their crisis. In fact, we view with definite scepticism that part of any business change which is traceable solely to inflation and to the debasing of our currency standards. Inflation is all too frequently like the emergency stimulus given to a sick man, which is followed by a relapse when the stimulus must be taken away from him. We do recognize, however, that in extreme illness an artificial stimulus is often the only way to tide the patient over his crisis and keep him alive. To this extent, it may be justified as the lesser of two evils. But whether we approve of inflationary tendencies or not, they are actually with us today, so far as our currency and credit structure is concerned, and we cannot afford to reckon without them in estimating the nature of the change which has undoubtedly taken place in public opinion.

Economists, for once, have found themselves in fairly close agreement on the fact that the effort to

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collect war debts costs considerably more than the total of the debts themselves, in the loss of business activity it brings, in the evils of unemployment and in the general discouragement it generates. The Lausanne decision, therefore, to put a practical end to reparations and the recognition by everyone in this country, except the politicians, that a scaling down of our own demands must follow the Lausanne action have given a moral assurance to world trade which it utterly lacked even two months ago. The legal settlement of such matters is often far less important than their moral settlement—just as the moral wave against prohibition at both political conventions this year was in many respects more important than the final date at which the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will take place. Lausanne brought about a moral assurance as to the ultimate settlement of intergovernmental debts which cannot be brushed aside as mere sentiment. It is a definite and operative fact in world business today.

The matter of credit and currency inflation is more obscure in the popular mind than such facts as Lausanne and war debt settlement. Nevertheless, thanks to energetic publicizing at Washington, the expansion in recent months of government and Federal Reserve credit has begun to take a hold on the popular imagination. The inflation of the currency, by which the gold backing of the paper dollar has been reduced from 100 cents to about 69 cents, has received less attention, but is fundamentally of even greater importance, than the expansion in the credit structure. Any such drastic reduction in the gold redemption reserves, compared to the currency obligations outstanding, is bound to produce a change in the price level unless its effects are heavily offset by a declining activity and a consequent further decline in the demand for goods.

This brings us back to the unusual steadiness of business turnover since last March. Business turnover cannot be measured solely in terms of such industrial factors as automobile production and steel output. The average amount of checks drawn daily against bank accounts over the country is a much closer indication of what the business community is actually doing than the production figures of heavy industries. These bank checks, or debits, are particularly illuminating when used to show us the speed with which bank balances are turning over. An increase in the turnover of money in the banks reflects very accurately an increase in basic trade activity. Last March, the daily check transactions, or debits, were only 54.5 percent of what they were in 1926, and were only 40 percent of what they were in the boom days of 1929. Keeping in mind the comparison with 1926, the debit activity rose from 54.5 percent in March to 61 percent in April, declined slightly in May and June to 53.8 percent, and increased again in July to 56.5 percent. This is totally unlike anything that happened in the previous two years, when severe declines were registered over the same period. These declines in previous years were particularly severe when compared to currency then in circulation and to the bank balances at that time. It is impossible, of course, to say whether this new tendency toward sustained activity rather than the severe midsummer declines will continue. But, so far, it is at least an indisputable fact and, of itself, is sufficient to lend encouragement to those scanning the business horizon.

The confirmed pessimist, of course, will point to facts of quite another complexion to justify the belief that any improvement in sentiment we have witnessed is "mere psychology." He will point to the extremely low estate of the steel business, to the drastic troubles of the railroads, to the declining dollar sales of chain stores, and the chronic troubles of the farmer. We have no quarrel with these facts—for they are facts. But they are not necessarily the best facts from which to estimate whether the change in feeling has a solid foundation or is merely another puff of false hope. The steel industry, for example, is a notorious laggard, always jogging along some months behind the more sensitive retail business activity. The true index value of the railroads is considerably complicated by the recent competition of trucks, and airplanes, and pipe lines. And it is also true that railroad car loadings cannot very well increase until public buying has improved to such a point that heavier orders are placed by retailers upon the factories, and by the factories upon the sources of raw materials. When it comes to reports of declining sales in the retail field itself, we must be particularly alert to take account of the decline in prices over the year covering the comparative figures. Dollar sales do not tell the full story. A much better indication is the physical volume of goods sold. We can get an approximate estimate of this figure by correcting the dollar sales by the general percentage decline in prices which has taken place over the last year. Reckoning on this basis, figures for retail sales are far less discouraging.

In the end, however, we must return to the figure of actual checks drawn on bank accounts as the most immediate and responsive indication of the state of trade in the country. It is the general steadiness of this figure, with a tendency toward improvement, that marks the greatest change from this same period of the year in 1930 and 1931. Undoubtedly, the wild antics of the stock market in the early days of August have more than compensated for any slight visible improvement. We are not seeking to justify the recent speculative enthusiasm. But we do feel, from the record of ascertainable facts, that it is dangerous to carry pessimism too far. We may quite possibly have reached the lowest level of activity at which business can sustain itself at all. In that event, the vast implications of the Lausanne Conference and the cumulative effects of a debased currency may assert a profound influence on the economic history of the next few months. As matters now stand, it seems as if only a sudden and renewed severe decline in business activity would offset the alleviating (though partly unsound) conditions which are now at work.

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WILL CATHOLICS VOTE FOR THOMAS?

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

The writer of this article is an astute correspondent, a former political reporter and editor for the New York "Times," the "World" and the "Tribune." He is the author of a number of authoritative books on the intimate details of America's history in the making as expressed by politics. THE COMMONWEAL, *therefore, without in any way favoring Mr. Thomas's candidacy in the coming campaign, is glad to open its columns without prejudice to so experienced and candid a political analyst as Mr. Thompson. The importance of Mr. Thomas in our modern social arena is increasing.—The Editors.*

THIS is the story of a talk with Norman Thomas, the Socialist nominee for President, just before he started his speaking trip through forty of the forty-eight states. But before telling what Thomas said, and why he said it, it is necessary to answer in advance a question that will instantly arise in the mind of every Catholic who reads this title. And I am a Catholic.

The question is, "Can a Catholic vote for a Socialist?" Yes, he can, if the Socialist is a Norman Thomas and the country is the United States. There is a Catholic prejudice against the word "Socialism," because it connects up with anti-clerical, anti-religious Socialism such as has played hob in some European countries, and is plainly condemned by the Church. But even in Europe the word "Socialist" has many meanings ranging from revolutionary Communism to mere social reform.

In this country Norman Thomas's most venomous enemies are the Reds, and he is hated most by the Communists. The Communists are in routine opposition of a languid sort to Hoover and Roosevelt, but wild against Thomas. Meanwhile, how about the Catholics? It is no secret that thousands of them are disposed to stay home or vote for Thomas, in August or September; by November party habit may have driven them apathetically to the old parties, as happens with many an August bolter in all years. But it is a cold fact that the two old-party conventions, especially the Democratic one, and the old-party nominees, drove many of them into a bolting frame of mind; many who were delegates to or spectators of those conventions. The files of such papers as the Pittsburgh *Catholic,* the *Catholic Transcript* of Hartford, and even the N. C. W. C. News staff service (Burke Walsh), show in what frame of mind they reacted against Chicago, priests as well as laymen. Only, they didn't know where to go.

They had seen, or read if they didn't go to Chicago, the crafty paltering of the Republican Convention, with its calculated zig-zags ordered by Hoover himself through his Cabinet representatives, there on the spot with every move, including the mystic platform, hocus-pocused for weeks into vote-catching shape. They had seen the Democratic Convention ridden by the most bigoted of the Southern proletarians, aided by the trans-Mississippi Wheelers, whose intent was less to beat the Republican party than to stamp out forever the Atlantic States from New England to Virginia as a factor in Democratic counsels. It had been the knowledge of this, not the hope of personal advantage, that had belatedly led Smith and Ritchie into a struggle in which they and their people were foredoomed.

And not only the conventions, but the candidates. Roosevelt, for three years trimming to catch every wind that blew; Hoover, dully making mistake after mistake, until now, if he shows some signs of intelligent courage, owing it to his handing the reins over to Secretary Mills. And who knows how long that will last, whether the man who at first saw his gods in Robert Lucas and Claudius Huston and the like, may not irresolutely turn back to their kind again? But there is Norman Thomas; and there is a protest vote.

I shall let Thomas talk for himself. He had no curse-words for Republicans or Democrats, or even for his most virulent and poisonous enemies, the Communists and the Reds. He knew I was a Catholic, so he began by frankly stating his views on religion in politics, some of which may be unpalatable, but Thomas is a man four-square. As we sat together, he with his tall form and active figure and handsome face and wide frank eyes, afraid of nothing, I could not help comparing him mentally with his shifty opponents. What must a downright man like Dr. Butler think of Hoover, what must Smith think of Roosevelt! But here was a man; and, knowing that I was a Catholic, he began not with economics but with political clericalism.

"I'm the son and grandson of Presbyterian ministers," he said, for me to take it or leave it. "I'd hate to live, and hate to have my children live, in a world where there was neither civil nor religious liberty. There's a great deal I admire in the Russian experiment, but I do not admire its attempt to wreck a church more intelligent than the political church it has tried to force into its place.

"I think the Protestant Church has gotten further away from the proletariat than the Catholic. I do not believe in clericalism in politics. I do not believe in such institutions as the Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals. Places used for worship or charity should be exempt from taxation. But I do not believe in the use often made of that exemption, where the exemption is obtained for gain and not for worship or charity. I know, for instance, of one Protestant church which abandoned its property, but held a service there once a week so as to make the property non-taxable. I know of another Protestant church [he named it, and it is a famous one] which sold its property in fairly

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boom times, and out of the profits built and partly endowed a new building. I don't think," he said, with his un-Rooseveltian smile, "Socialists would endorse that.

"At one time, in the World War, I believed that peace in the world depended on the settlement of the Irish question, and I still believe I was right. I still believe, with especial reference to Ireland, that the rather romantic principle of self-determination is solution enough. I didn't believe in imperialism, and I spoke very often on Irish-American platforms.

"I believe the stage is our servant, or ought to be our servant, a convenient piece of service for good and not evil."

Not much politics so far, or economics. Thomas wanted to get everything off his chest, though. Now he changed the line. He is a Socialist, but Socialist means one thing in Berlin and another in Moscow.

"I," he said, "am a Socialist who doesn't believe in a metaphysical sovereignty of the state. I want the state to be our servant, not our master."

"Being a Socialist, you want to help the under dog, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes, but not in ways that were once good enough. The era of Andrew Jackson was a good era, but it has gone. We can't save the man who is losing by setting the little fellow to battling against the chain store, the little famer against the big farmer. There is neither ethics nor sense in gambling for the little profits against the big profits.

"That doesn't mean the abolition of private property. It means the increase of private property for public good. Nationalism is not Socialism; take war, which flourishes under nationalism. Neither do Socialists want to see anything run by an omnipresent state. The post-office isn't our ideal. Socialism is not meant for the mechanic alone, but for everybody, according to a thought-out plan. In any organization of society the interests of producer and consumer will not be the same, and each must be guided by plan. If coal, for instance, is taken over, it will not be for the interests of the workers solely. In taking it over, the plan would have to regard the interests of the consumers as much as those of the miners. Who is there who would not have a personal stake in coal?"

"When did you become a Socialist?"

He smiled in his lively way. "I don't know. It was a gradual process. But I did not become actively a Socialist until the World War."

He did not mention that that was precisely the most dangerous and unpopular time for any man to announce such a conversion.

"In some of my books," he went on, "I have criticized Karl Marx, but of course the world owes a great deal to Marx. I make no claim to developing a new type of Socialism. Every man, and especially every leader, ought to give his reasons."

This was not egotism; he was stating a fact as well known as the nose on your face; Thomas is the American Socialist leader.

"It is crippling," he continued, "to have to prove where you stand by references to the works of even the most valuable writers."

This may seem like a slur at Roosevelt's habit of quoting Jefferson when he wants to fortify a statement, or to the Republican habit of quoting some detached and inapplicable phrase of Lincoln's, but it was not what Thomas had in mind. He was thinking of the routine-minded Socialist who can't say a thing without quoting Marx or some one paler in the constellation. Thomas does his own thinking; in fact, it is in his departures from the Gospel according to Saint Karl that the Communists and some Socialists find proof of his being a new sort of reformer and not much of a Socialist at all.

In order to get in everything that might interest a Catholic, I asked his views on prohibition, though I had no doubt what they were. They were characteristic.

"The Eighteenth Amendment is a failure," he said. "It has not caused, but it does encourage, law-breaking. It keeps on the statute-books a law which even the best citizens feel no guilt in violating. But I have said repeatedly and publicly that the repeal of prohibition does not mean the return of prosperity. It does mean that it is better, fiscally, to have taxed than untaxed beer. But the argument against prohibition, in my judgment, is ethical and political rather than economic."

There was something still on his mind, and he blazed as he brought it up, irrelevant as it was. "What I fear in America is the drift to Fascism. It is the exaltation of nationalism, and is what makes it dangerous. It is a thing I loathe and hate."

In giving the reasons why Catholics disgusted with both parties are seeking a refuge in a protest vote, I have no intention either of giving advice or of stating my own position. I do not intend to vote for Thomas. Catholics who are satisfied with either the Justice Shallow convention of the Republicans or the Jack-Be-Nimble convention of the Democrats are justified in voting those convictions. All I am trying to do is to show that the disgruntled Catholic is not tied to either, and may, if he chooses, vote for a third candidate with a clear conscience. If he does, in sufficient numbers, somebody will learn a lesson. If he does, the candidate I talked to is at least as worthy of a vote as either Hoover or Roosevelt. And any Catholic voting for him will not be voting for a Stalin. None of the three candidates is thinking much of religion, but it is more apt to guide Thomas than either of the others. As for the writer of this article, he remains independent.

It is certain that the protest voter need not fear that his vote will be thrown away. Debs once got 1,000,000 protest votes. Thomas himself, running for President in a lack-luster year, got only 244,000 votes in the whole United States; but the following year, when there was a strong protest vote, he ran for Mayor of New York and got 176,000 votes in that lone city. Of course these great votes were not cast by Socialists;

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they were cast by men who were determined that their protest (and their disgust) should count.

Of the existence of thousands of outraged and disheartened Catholic voters, there is no doubt whatever, and if there were, the Catholic press would dissipate it. The other day I spent an hour with a prominent priest, as disheartened as any by what the *New World* calls the "sickening" action of the two puss-in-the-corner conventions. His mail-bag was full of protests from all over the country. The trouble is that the disgusted do not know whom to vote for, and seem tied up to either Hoover or Roosevelt. They are not. "Socialist" or not, Thomas is the only pine tree on the ballot, and his roots are in the ground.

THE SCHOOL AND CRIME

By JOHN P. McCAFFREY

THERE is a tendency to put the responsibility for crime on the backs of three social forces. (1) Some try to saddle this responsibility on the Church. (2) Others insist on putting it at the door of the home. (3) Last of all, it is often charged that the schools are to blame.

The fact of the matter is that the responsibility is divided. One must try to get the picture of the whole social background; the integrated fabric of the boy's whole life. Very often in trying to place the responsibility everyone is blamed but the actual offender. Many times at the sessions of the American Prison Congress have I heard speakers tell us that the Church has failed. What most of them meant was that the Church had never been tried as an agency to prevent crime.

There is a tendency to blame the home for Catholic boys getting to prison. The influence of the home is paramount. It is the most difficult thing to pull a boy out of a good home and involve him in a life of crime. A good home can counteract practically all the evils of an unfavorable environment, and a bad home can destroy all the good effects of school and church. If they have a good home and the right school and church influence, the chances are all favorable that the children will never be in conflict with the law on a major issue.

Where the home breaks down is when the father or mother is removed by death or some other factor. These broken homes mean lack of supervision for the children; lack of protection against an evil environment. The good influence of school, church or institution is lost in such an unfortunate situation. Commissioner Mulrooney places the influence of a good home and religion as the way to save the boys from crime. In the divided responsibility of the social structure for the crime situation, the parents must carry most of the burden. A good home can save, and a bad home can spoil.

It is my purpose to limit this study to the question of the school. Warden Lawes of Sing Sing Prison recently startled the teachers of the country at the convention of the National Education Association by asserting that the public school system is failing in character building. He said that while illiteracy is diminishing, the dissemination of knowledge is not accompanied by a constructive building of character.

It is not fair to blame the whole crime question on the public schools. It is pertinent, however, to point out the fact that the children who go to public school miss something that the children who go to parochial school get—definite religious instruction that makes not only for constructive character building but also for the welfare of the state. I have attempted to get the figures of the men in Sing Sing Prison at present who are Catholics. I searched the records, and where the records were not to be had, the men were interviewed to find out just how many attended the parochial schools and how many attended the public schools. These are the facts:

TABLE SHOWING SCHOOL ATTENDED AND GRADE REACHED BY CATHOLIC MEN RECEIVED AT SING SING PRISON FROM MAY 1, 1931, TO MAY 1, 1932

	Grade Reached																																
	Grammar School																			High School									College				
	Public										Parochial									Public					Parochial								
	Total	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	G	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	G	1	2	3	4	G	1	2	3	4	G	1	2	3	4	G
First parochial and then public grammar school...	15			1		1	1	3	3	6	1		1	5	4	2	2																	
First public and then parochial grammar school....	13	3	1	2	1	4	2							1		2	1	3	6															
Only parochial grammar school.....	116												3	5	6	19	18	22	43														
Only public grammar school.....	700	10	21	29	39	56	78	124	128	215																							
Parochial high school.....	3																										1		2				
Public high school.....	94																			19	29	21	3	22										
College.....	14																													4	8			2
No school education.....	35																																	

These facts were gathered under such circumstances as would assure their truth. They were gathered by the head teacher as educational data. No one would be

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afraid to tell the priest that he was a graduate of a parochial school; no one would probably claim to be a graduate of a parochial school to win the chaplain's favor. On the other hand, it is hard to see how anyone would claim to have graduated from a public school if this were not the fact. Nothing would be gained by not telling the truth, so the facts are, I think, reliable.

Of the total number of Catholic inmates, 700 attended the public grammar schools and 94 attended the public high schools, a total of 794 who attended public schools. There were 116 who attended parochial grammar schools and 3 who attended parochial high schools, a total of 119. There were 14 who went to college, mainly to non-Catholic institutions. From the above figures the ratio seems to be one to eight. For every Catholic boy who attended a parochial school, there were eight Catholic boys who attended the public schools. What a splendid commentary on the soul-saving value of a Catholic education, and what a tremendous social asset to the state is the parochial school. The facts point to the solution of the crime situation: an early and complete education of a young boy in a Catholic school.

I formerly thought that a great many of our problem boys in the Catholic schools went out to the public schools. There were 15 who first attended the Catholic schools and then transferred to the public schools. But, on the other side, there were 13 who first attended public schools and then transferred to the parochial schools. These two figures are practically balanced.

There were 35 who had no school education at all.

I have always felt that education in itself is a natural help to the making of law-abiding citizens. When it is a Catholic education it is a very bulwark to the state. Of the 700 Catholic boys who attended the public grammar schools, only 215 were graduated; of the 116 Catholic boys who attended the parochial schools, only 43 were graduated. Less than a third of the total finished grammar school. In both groups most of the boys left at the seventh grade, due probably to economic conditions in the family and the possibility of going to work at that age. Education, especially Catholic religious education, is the need of the hour.

The Catholic boy who goes to a Catholic school receives a sound religious education. It is woven into his life day by day. Its influence so completely permeates his life that his chances of being a law-abiding citizen are very favorable. The boys that are lost are lost in the dangerous years between the time of graduation and eighteen. From fourteen to eighteen is the critical age. The challenge of these years must be faced and all resources thrown into them. Boys clubs, settlement workers, recreational centers, must supplement church societies, especially in regions that are crime centers.

Religious instruction should be given to the Catholic boys who are attending the public schools. These boys should be contacted by the Church, and the force of religion brought to bear upon their lives, not only in Sunday school, but as much as possible all the time. It would help to have them serve as altar boys, to bring them into every possible contact with the Church.

A further step in the analysis was to find out the ratio of Catholic parochial school children to Catholic public school children in the New York area. These figures are not absolutely accurate, but they are certain enough to support a comparison.

The Reverend William Kelly, executive secretary of the New York Parochial School System, gives the following statistics for the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond. There are in the parochial schools 73,183 pupils; in private elementary schools 2,041; in elementary grades in institutions 4,790; in the Catholic high schools 10,294; in commercial courses in Catholic schools 2,268; which makes a total of 92,576. These statistics are of November, 1931.

An attempt to approximate the number of Catholic children in the public schools was made three years ago by a committee of public school teachers. They had counted 160,000 for the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond when it was necessary to stop the work. The number probably would have reached 200,000. The ratio of Catholic parochial school children to Catholic public school children is 1 to 2 (probably 1 to 2½).

The superintendent of Catholic schools for the Brooklyn diocese, the Very Reverend Joseph V. S. McClancy, gives the following figures for the distribution of Catholic parochial school population in the boroughs of Kings and Queens: There are 108,637 children in the parochial schools of the diocese of Brooklyn and there are 10,528 students in Catholic high schools in the Brooklyn diocese; making a total of 119,165. Monsignor McClancy estimates that 20 percent of the Catholic population is of school age and that this reaches 209,872. Deducting the known parochial attendance of 119,165, there remain approximately 90,707 Catholic children in the public schools. One might say that it is probably true that there are just as many children in the public schools as in the parochial schools. The ratio thus found would be expressed as 1 to 1. From these figures it is found that these ratios are established. The rough ratio of Catholic parochial school children to the Catholic public school children in the New York area is 1 to 2.

The ratio of Catholic men in Sing Sing Prison who attended parochial school to the Catholic men who attended public school is 1 to 8. To my mind, this indicates the truth that the boys from parochial school have four times the chance of staying out of prison that the public school boys have. It indicates that religious education is the thing that is needed more than anything else; more than psychiatry or sociology.

It indicates that this religious education is not only a definite character builder, but the strongest bulwark of the state against anti-social action. It proves to me, at least, that the Catholic boys in our parochial schools are getting something good that the other boys are missing; something that is a tremendous asset to the state, and is the gold of the kingdom of heaven.

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THE CHILD OF THE SECRET

By CUTHBERT WRIGHT

"I THANK Thee that Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and learned, and revealed them unto babes." . . .

It is part of the transformation, or decay, of certain values which marks our age that we are no longer able, generally speaking, to understand our saints. Leaving aside all question of miraculous deeds and endowments, the mere naked record of their heroic virtue somehow disconcerts us. The late Professor James, for example, left himself on record as being unable to sympathize with such figures as Aloysius Gonzaga, and if Mr. Shaw once revealed a moment of sensibility at the account of Catherine of Siena kissing the severed head of the malefactor, Mr. Aldous Huxley retreats with horror and dislike before that of Francis of Assisi embracing the leper. After all, the criminal was safely dead; consequently Saint Catherine was enacting a *beau geste* which would look well in a Burne-Jones window, while Francis was performing an act of vital grace, no longer credited outside the Church. There is no disguising the fact that, in general, the beauty of the saints affrights us, their selflessness fills us with a vague self-reproach, their burning charity leaves us cold. Many of us are obliged, or prefer, to live in so totally different a moral landscape that those ascents frequented by the altogether pure, the lovely and of good repute, are actually embarrassing. We marvel, we admire, but we are not at home.

This fact may explain what seems like the mechanical dulness of most modern hagiography. The latter is not a type of literature which often comes one's way, but when it does, I must confess with a certain sorrow to the sense of confusion and unfamiliarity described above. Once, and once only, I have been deeply moved by such a document, and that recently. The book in question was inevitably brief, since its subject lived only to the age of twelve or thirteen. It was the story of a little French boy who died in 1925, written by his mother. If one could only communicate, without impertinent gloss or comment, without sentimentality or pathos, something of the poignant beauty of that little life, perhaps the following account would not seem, at the outset, so vain.

Guy de Fontgalland was born in Paris on the night of the first Sunday in Advent, and baptized a week later by the Bishop of Valence, "at the precise moment," writes Madame de Fontgalland, "when the whole Church is chanting the Vespers of the Immaculate Conception." In point of fact, large bodies of the whole Church have ceased to chant Vespers of the Blessed Virgin, or any other Vespers, on the ground, so we are told by a pious and competent authority, that such subsidiary ceremonies "do not attract large crowds of delighted people"—but that, as Kipling said, is another story. A few moments after the christening, the visiting prelate came to Madame de Fontgalland and said: "We are bringing you back your little boy. He has been ever so good, for he fed very penitently on the salt of righteousness, and at the altar kept perfectly quiet, staring at the little flame of the lamp. From my heart I pray that he may grow up a valiant Christian."

He grew up, at all events, a very real little boy, with many of the qualities and a few of the faults which usually accompany a rapid normal development. "With his fine forehead swept by a mass of bright hair, and dark blue eyes, he looked like an angel," writes the mother, and adds " . . . when asleep." He was restless, volatile, happy-go-lucky, but very straightforward and truthful. He had an absolute horror of insincerity. At the Jesuit school in the Rue Franklin he was the opposite of an infant prodigy, except in those rudimentary scientific interests which he discovered for himself. He was rather indifferent to places in class and marks in examinations. As soon as he got home he would plunge into one of Henri Fabre's books on insects, or work out original models with his Meccano or put his radio set in action. When he was reproached for his laziness he would answer: "Yes, it's my big fault; but then it's not the baddest of the capital sins because they're put in the order of badness and sloth is the last." Then he added reflectively: "Pride's the worst." In fact, no child of his age ever exhibited less of the latter than he. When he encountered beggars and ragamuffins in the street he would shake hands with them before giving them alms so that their own pride should not be wounded. After his death the mother of one of his comrades at Franklin wrote the Countess de Fontgalland: "My son has grieved bitterly at the loss of yours. He was so *gentil,* so honest and such a friend." "He was good all through," Guy's mother adds simply.

Almost the first word he learned was the word "Jesus." His first movement when he awoke in the morning was to make the Sign of the Cross. Such words and gestures are naturally taught to their children by such mothers as Madame de Fontgalland, but there are other things which not even a mother can teach a child like this. One evening after being present at a procession of the Blessed Sacrament he said: "It was good being with Our Lord today, but it would be better yet to receive Him." "Quite spontaneously this child scarcely five expressed his desire to communicate." Later, he was never tired of hearing about Rome, the Vatican and the Pope. Of the Pope he said: "If I could see him, I could say: 'Your Holiness I am awfully fond of you because you told boys to go to Communion at seven.'" Some notes which he made during a re-

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treat for first communicants are well worth transcribing since in their ordered curtness and good sense they were very characteristic of this boy:

> First Lecture: We are on earth to love God, and so to gain heaven where we shall be happy with Him. Be good, try hard, do the thing that hurts for Jesus Who is coming to me next Sunday. . . .
>
> Fourth Lecture: Keep trying. My special fault is laziness. I must promise Jesus to conquer this, to work at my lessons only to please Him. He worked when He was on earth, and I who am His little brother want to learn to work like Him for love of Him.

He made his First Communion on Trinity Sunday, May 22, 1921, in the parish church of Saint Honoré d'Eylau. I transcribe the following account in Madame de Fontgalland's own words: "All that day he was radiant with the presents he received, the new watch, the white flowers in his honor, the good luncheon, the champagne."

That evening when his mother came to kiss him goodnight, she was a little curious and asked him a question: "My darling, are you happy?" "O yes," he replied. "And you prayed well to Our Lord? What did you ask Him?" "I asked for nothing at all. It was He who spoke. I listened, and just said, 'Yes.' "

The Countess persisted a little, but Guy would say no more, and in a moment the lashes drooped over the dark eyes, and he was asleep with smiling lips. But from that moment, she relates, the child, so vivacious and gay, became very reticent and even indifferent. He had always been voluble, and often amusing, but now, in his mother's simple and unforgettable phrase, "he only said what he wanted to say, in the way he wanted." That is perhaps one of the first steps in the road of sanctity, just as it is, incontestably, the first step in the life of the artist. "If thou wilt cease to speak that which profiteth not," said the Prophet Isaias.

One of the Jesuits who taught him at this period writes: "To seem a little indifferent and even a trifle sceptical was a pose with him then; but it came from what I can only call the *pudeur de son âme*. And that is another lesson for many professional hagiographers. Their work would gain in truth, as it would gain in art, if they would recognize primarily the Christian modesty in the great souls which they attempt to celebrate.

Certain astonishing sayings came from this child, however, after the ostensible transformation of his character. "How right he looks," he said once before a photograph of Pius XI, now gloriously reigning. He acquired a great interest in the liturgy, and always complained when the illumination at Benediction seemed a bit skimpy. "It isn't good enough for Him," Guy would say. Really, it is a complete description of the last state of the liturgy in this country formulated in six words. And once coming out from Mass, his governess suggested that he should not talk so soon after communicating. "Ah, but," he protested, "when everyone else bows the head, I look Our Lord in the face and ask Him whatever I have to ask Him. That's my big moment." "What about your thanksgiving?" she asked. "That's not the same thing. Then it is Jesus Who speaks to me, and I listen and enjoy Him. . . . The nicest thing to say to Our Lord is 'Yes.' If Our Lady hadn't said 'Yes' at the Hail Mary, where would the world be now?"

During the octave of the Immaculate Conception, anniversary of his baptism, a great many people, young and old, holy and otherwise, said their prayers with a special intention for this boy. Candles burned before the shrines of Lourdes and Our Lady of Victories at Paris in voiceless supplication that this little soul, so generous and sweet, might remain on earth. He had fallen ill on the vigil of the feast, and his sickness developed into a special and deadly form of diphtheria. He suffered a good deal, and the great specialist who attended him said afterward: "I have looked after a great number of children, but I never met another who enduring so much answered me so calmly." Toward the end he asked to be alone with his mother and said to her these things:

"*Maman,* come close to me till I tell you a secret. . . . I'm going to die. When I was seven and made my First Communion, the Child Jesus told me He would take me, I would die young. He said it to me like that: 'My little Guy, I shall take you.' "

"You understand, don't you, darling, why I didn't work hard at school, why I was lazy? I used to say to myself: 'Since you are going to die, why disturb yourself?' "

"How do I imagine heaven where I'm going? I don't imagine it at all. For me, Jesus is heaven."

"Oh, but I am bad; the pain is very bad. No one can do anything to make it hurt less, only Our Lord. And He wont because He wants me for Himself."

On the morning of January 24, he asked his mother what day it was and was told that it was Saturday. "Oh, Saturday!" he said, and asked his father to telephone quickly for his confessor, Father de Broglie, S.J. Then with a smile on his lips pale with pain: "Mary, Mother of God, pray for me now, for it is the hour of my death."

When the priest arrived, it was found that Communion could not be given, for the boy's throat was too contracted. Father de Broglie pronounced the absolution, and the rite of Extreme Unction began. At the anointing Guy opened his eyes. He smiled again. He looked into the heart of his Vision. His last words were: "Jesus . . . I love You."

Not even the supreme poet of glorious childhood, not even he who wrote,

> Uphold us, cherish and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence. . .

could do justice to the transition of that great little soul, "so gentle, so honest, and such a friend." Into such company may we be admitted.

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THE RETURN TO UNITY

By CAROLA LÉONIE ERNST

MUCH has been said concerning the spiritual revolution we are undergoing. The diseases and wounds of Western civilization are more and more being interpreted in the terms of an upheaval begun in the mind long ago. The body of Western ideas which, at the end of the last century, assured a certain European unity in spite of nationalistic conflicts, is utterly worn out, and, by the collapse of this so far supposedly impregnable fortress, the human mind is left appallingly empty.

The war only hastened the process, which had begun in France since 1880, in England somewhat later. A study of the literature produced in the last thirty years throughout Europe shows plainly the negative work of disintegration, but also the dawn of the positive work of renewal. Thus, while politicians, financiers, pedagogues, humanitarians of all brands, toil hard toward a problematic pacification, desperately patching this crumbling habitat of ours and experimenting the virtue of new saving superstructures, slowly, below the surface, an awakening is taking place. On the European Continent, and in a less conspicuous way in England, one perceives a yearning, deep and tragic, away from subjectivism, away from anarchical individualism, away from the developments which have their roots in sixteenth-century humanism, sixteenth-century Protestantism, and seventeenth-century Cartesianism; away from "modern" values, toward renewed world unity.

Whether the individual is sacrificed to the material welfare of the group, as in the new forms of political dictatorship, or whether the affirmation of the individual soul remains subordinated to a supreme spiritual unity, it is all part of the same phenomenon. It looks as if the pendulum were swinging back to forms and creeds which four centuries of belief in the power of man unaided by Divine Wisdom had obscured and condemned. Restoration of the past is neither possible nor desirable, but the creative principles of a past epoch, reconquered and better understood, can take their place in a more complex world and entering into a relation with new values create types of culture totally different from the old ones.

Liberalism and progress have had their day. Law, standards, objective spiritual reality, have reëntered the field. A demonstration of this statement is found in a recent series, "Essays in Order." Here, a short analysis of one of the representative works of the time must suffice.

Nicholas Berdiaeff's "Un nouveau moyen âge," written in 1919 and 1923, deals with the four centuries of "modern history" which, following the middle ages and their spiritual unity, beginning with the Renaissance, unfold the experiment of human liberty. In the course of these centuries, man attempted the task of establishing the world on a secularized basis. The gigantic figures of the sixteenth century, absorbing in themselves the best that antiquity and the middle ages had produced, are explained by the fact that humanism, at the outset, was too near the sources of essential Christianity to free itself from it, and too much elated by the discovery of the beauty and the wisdom of Greece to fall short of the most exalted inspiration. But, as time passes, man becomes more and more separated from the two noblest sources of life. Unaided, and soon uprooted, he drifts in a growing process of impairment, to the superficial "lights" (*lumières*) of the eighteenth century, to the complicated chaos of the nineteenth, until, more and more confident in his own strength, he reaches complete spiritual sterility. A man-made progressive world was to lead to a millenium of good-will, but instead we have entered a catastrophic era. The self-affirmation of man had led to a "self-negation" of man. Are we then facing the abyss?

Two roads, one positive, one negative, open before us. The positive one first:

In the depths of man's consciousness, a religious will, central and in many already all-powerful, is waking up. Should this movement, which so far affects only a few, be destined to success, "knowledge, ethics, art, the state, economics, once more would become religious," not as was the case during the middle ages "through compulsion and from the outside," but "freely and from within."

What is the negative road? That leading to Communism. Communism, anti-humanistic and atheistic, is the other side of the coin. Faith in man's autonomous performance once lost, where there is no hope of salvation in a new spiritual unity, there must of necessity develop a faith in a social system. With Socialism leading to Communism, we face the fallacious pretension of a compulsory exterior union. Democracy is humanistic. Socialism is beyond humanism. With it the world is closing up accounts, as a result of the bankruptcy of centuries during which the movement had proceeded away from the inner kernel of life toward exterior social life.

And so today, according to Berdiaeff, the two forces which show what the conflict of the future will be, are "mediaeval" forces: On one side, a superior state of the soul toward free subordination to God's will. On the other, disappearance of the personality in some form of Socialism or Communism.

To say that the humanistic experiment is ended is not to condemn it. Four centuries of humanistic self-affirmation have constituted a substantial moment in the destinies of the human mind. The new age must take into consideration the many precious acquisitions owed to "modern times," mainly in the domain of the

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human conscience, with the great refinement of soul that has been slowly elaborated. But now that the experiment is drawing to a close, attention must be directed to the forces of the future: God versus Mammon, Christ versus Antichrist.

A short remark will give weight to Berdiaeff's thesis. In religion, in literature, in art, in philosophy, Christian Europe is returning to the sources, to dogma, to tradition; while Socialistic Europe is throwing the individual overboard for the sake of the collectivity, the race, the product.

In the field of religious speculation, it is becoming clearer from day to day that no Protestant subjectivism, no religious teaching shrunk to the dimensions of a code of ethics, can answer the crying need for spiritual reality of a world wearied of liberal platitudes and sinking in a sea of confusion.

In the field of literature, the impulse toward the haven of Catholic unity can be observed even in Protestant countries like Germany, where reviews such as *Der Gral* and *Hochland* gain in influence every day. And it is unnecessary to recall the conversion of Undset, Jörgensen, Maritain, Papini, Chesterton, Noyes and others. Yet the process is most obvious in France, where the Catholic revival now includes Claudel, Ghéon, Baumann, Mauriac, Massis, Brémond, Bernanos. It is a revival the origin of which must be traced back to Baudelaire (1821-1867), the man outside the Church who resuscitated the "religious thrill" and the "nostalgia of the divine." The critic J. Calvet, in his "Renouveau catholique dans la littérature contemporaine," aptly shows the movement gaining in extension and depth from decade to decade. After Baudelaire, the "generation of the nostalgics," then that of the "seekers after a spiritual ideal," followed by the "generation of the converted," our immediate predecessors.

In art, a pathetic effort is made to recapture the essential, this divine something with which the Early Renaissance was aglow and which the sixteenth century with all its brilliant technique allowed to fade away.

In philosophy, the Thomist revival in France and at Louvain, in Germany the reëvaluation of Kant's thought under the recaptured criterion of the traditional past, and the renewed interest in metaphysical realism, are sufficient signs of the times.

But there is a double aspect of the trend. Spiritual standards are needed by an élite which has regained faith in objective spiritual reality; material standards by millions blind to its existence. Thus, with an alarming momentum which tends to overshadow the Catholic movements, the world is drifting in the direction of Socialism and Communism. To understand, it is enough to read Pierre Hamp, with his pictures of the world of labor from which the human soul is banished, where Flax or Glass becomes the hero. Read Artem Vesely who, in "My Native Land," gives us the typical Russian story of the day, in which no human heart beats. Groups, crowds, not made of living creatures but of numbers.

Another indication of the approach of a new age is the interest shown in all values left us by the middle ages, which were scorned by the past four centuries. The Romanticists understook to rehabilitate the Gothic, but they never seriously turned their attention to the vast Byzantine Empire, that strange Christianized Greek world.

The great event in Paris last summer, for the artist, the theologian, the philosopher and the historian, was the Byzantine Exhibition, the first of its kind ever organized. There men faced the revelation of a truth hitherto but dimly perceived, but which came to complete expression in a magnificent ensemble of portable mosaics, icons, ivories, diptychs, caskets, silks, manuscripts, reliquaries, altar screens.

What is this truth? Seen in the light of the present article, the Byzantine Exhibition was the crystallization of this already deep-rooted preoccupation of the contemporary mind: the need of theological exactness, a craving for order, a better understanding of dogma, a realization of the significance of the liturgy, of the necessity of the hierarchy, etc. One could find here a strange concordance with the new moral attitude. This apotheosis of Byzantine splendor with its domineering inspiration, its genius for explaining the invisible by the visible, its submission to theological control, its love of repetition of essential themes, is no less than a resurrection.

So far history has obscured the mission of Byzantium, vilifying Byzantine culture through ignorance and a growing hatred of religious dogmatism. And as our Romantic ancestors reinstated the Gothic because they had grown tired of the worldly spirit of the eighteenth century, our New Romanticism reinstates Byzantine, because it is in need of Christian unity, of "stylization" according to the soul, in opposition to material forces which organize against the soul.

The Byzantine Exhibition was a noble attempt at uniting three worlds deemed irreconcilable: Greek antiquity, the old Orient, and Christianity. From Greece, Byzantine art has preserved a high idea of man, the sense of "measure," a broad idealism, a rare sobriety, and a sure taste in the display of harmonious ensembles which caused Marcel Laurent to call the Byzantine procession of virgins in the central nave of St. Apollinaris the New at Ravenna, "the Christian Panathenaea." From the Orient, it has inherited an exalted sense of color, an aptitude for decorative perfection, a dramatic manner of expression, and a love of luxury which spontaneously consecrates to God the riches of the earth. And indeed, in Byzantine art, the marriage of two such rival traditions had, in its religious aspect, no other aim than to clothe with the combined resources of nature and art the new ideal of the world: the Gospel of Christ Crucified. Whereas this new ideal in its native Palestine had remained as a creation of the spirit, moral and abstract; in the hands of Byzantine artists, saturated with Hellenism, it took corporeal form, began to breathe, to live a tangible, a

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visible existence. That is why, from the dawn of Byzantine art to the time of the Crusades, Constantinople was the center of a tremendous enterprise bound to attempt, under the rallying sign of the Cross, the unity of the world. The Byzantine ideal failed for the same reasons that caused the failure of the Gothic ideal. The hearts of men were not ready. Men needed the humanistic trial to feel their limitations and turn to God with deeper souls.

The Byzantine Exhibition was the result of a long concentrated effort. In the last two generations, many pioneers have appeared to prepare the process of rehabilitation: Schlumberger, Choisy, de Voguë; and nearer to us, Dieulafoy, Iwanof, Strzygowski, Gabriel Millet, L. Bréhier, Charles Diehl, E. Joly; Jean Lombard, with his great book "Byzantium"; Georges Duthuit who, a few years ago, attracted wide attention upon "the great epoch of the Low Empire."

It was doubtless a rash venture to undertake in a single article the presentation of a subject the implications of which are so remote from current American ideas. Yet the day is perhaps not far off when many, on this side of the Atlantic also, will come to realize that the movement described may turn out to be the only one within our reach which assures positive forward-looking developments, and the only one which stands on a level worthy of the tragedy the world is now going through.

THE UGLY IN ART

By FERDINAND C. FALQUE

ONE OF the oldest descriptions of Satan's disposition is that he is prone to imitate God. Just so does the pseudo-artist, the professional defender of culture, imitate the true artist. In recent times he has very skilfully disguised his tendency to worship ugliness and has by a series of maneuvers gotten possession of the public mind. Working with the impressionists, the subjectivists, the transitionalists of a generation ago, the bad men in art began by mocking the age-old criterions of beauty. The modernists and the ultra-modernists have since ceased to find fault with the criterions and are now with agnostic humility finding fault with beauty itself. They are like all hypocrites, sad, bewailing the lack of culture, deploring mankind's bad taste, introspective and gloomy in their outlook on life, and teaching the humbler devotees of art all the while that there is after all no real difference between the beautiful and the ugly. For some unexplainable reason they are prone to cling to the ugly in preference to the beautiful, and they have in some instances bewildered even the Catholic artist and frightened him into abandoning a definite philosophy of art.

There remains, however, a Catholic philosophy of art, and its first principle is the first principle of Catholicism, the fact of redemption. It is a principle that cannot be other than happy, optimistic and effective. It is the highest interpretation of culture that the world can know, the only truly creative inspiration that it has known, the most effective life principle that has ever come into operation. It is this—creation can be transfigured by redeeming grace. Those who hold it have never been concerned with the possibility of culture, nor have they bewailed a lack of it, nor are they at a loss to distinguish between the beautiful and the ugly. The principle is self-operative, it is good and seeks always its own diffusion and begins by assuming its own existence.

This explains why the Church has never consciously championed art; the Church has never supposed that art needed defense. Her liturgy has been her creative art principle, and in this sense her liturgy is her very essence and life. It is all-beautiful being identical with redemption, the Incarnate God working on and through creation. Her touch transforms, her grace transfigures, her voice crystallizes, her life portrays, her thought inspires. Her art is real, it is beautiful beyond comparison, it has been the source of all. There is and can be no compromise with the ugly, just as there can be no compromise with death or Satan, the all-ugly one.

The Church finds pseudo-modernism with its passion for the ugly very old. She has faced it in the North for centuries, and she still lifts her beautiful Christ to these Northerners, though for centuries they have called themselves modern and have refused to worship beauty. Her priests and deacons still face north when they cry out Christ's message, the Gospel. The great triumph of ugliness, the Reformation, has not dismayed her and she answers every hypocritical quest of the gloomy Nordic who claims to be seeking a form, a technique, a soul, a medium. She has the technique of Christ, the life principle of Christ, and all creation as a medium of expression. She sees all in art and art for all, her one task being the transformation of dead creation into living art forms.

To those who have become fashionable in thought by habit, these assertions seem fantastic if not frenzied. It has been the fashion to compare Western civilization with older civilizations, and to pretend to see light and beauty in these latter where only ugliness and darkness exist. It has been the fashion to think according to Nordic dictation, to appear gloomy when championing art and to approach the problem of culture with doubt and a humility that amounts to denial. It has been the fashion to give in to the pseudo-artist and to tolerate his contributions of ugliness.

But the fashion cannot change the Catholic *philosophia perennis*. The true artist can always distinguish between the matter for art and the art principle. The world as it is and the world transfigured, the achievement of man and the achievements of man with the help of God. In these distinctions he discovers his eternal criterion for beauty, its reflection of God. He can truly and understandingly assert, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." He will always be happy, and the modern with its gloom and all its ugliness holds no terror for him.

The Leaf and the Flower

To my love in sun or shower
Meet shelter I accord:
I the leaf and she the flower.

Jealous winds that sigh to hold her
Greater bliss afford
Me, the closer to enfold her.

Tho' love barters not its duty,
Yet have I reward
Of her fragrance and her beauty;

Eden in a little bower:
Time's first bliss restored;
I the leaf and she the flower.

MICHAEL HENRY CLARKE.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Domino

ARTISTIC subtlety, which has often been the distinguishing charm of French writers, has been quite submerged by the weight of a viewpoint in Marcel Achard's "Domino," which William A. Brady now presents as an opening gun of the new theatrical season. The play has been adapted by Grace George (Mrs. William A. Brady), and rather wofully miscast in two of its principal rôles by Stanley Logan as director and Mr. Brady as producer. For two acts, it progresses quite amiably, in spite of the handicaps, but in the third act, it crashes to pieces, both in its theme and as good comedy-drama.

The story itself will serve to explain why the author has missed an excellent chance for effective comedy. Lorette Heller, the wife of a prominent dye-stuff manufacturer, was foolish enough to keep a letter from a former admirer, François Cremone. Her husband finds the letter, and although it is merely signed "François," decides at once that Cremone must have been his earlier rival. Cremone is now married, but the very sight of him infuriates Heller and threatens to disrupt completely Lorette's otherwise happy marriage. Abetted by Cremone, Lorette decides to advertise for a presentable man with the name of François who is willing to play the part of the former suitor, and so remove suspicion from Cremone. The successful applicant for the place is a rather ambiguous but engaging person named François Dominique (better known in his own mysterious trade as Domino) who has been absent for a few years in Africa. Domino sets about his task with much zest, annoys Cremone intensely by insisting on inventing a past romance far more alluring than the arid facts, and bringing Lorette to a point where she actually begins to believe in the reality of the inventions. Heller, now torn between two conflicting suspicions, is more irritable than ever. The neat little plan has only served to make matters worse.

At this point, which is approximately the end of the second act, we have the makings of an innocuous comedy, in which there is some suspense as to whether Lorette will fall in love with Domino and his inventions, and, if so, what she will do about it. But in the third act, which is very badly contrived as to stage mechanics and general dramatic structure, the author selects the obvious and banal course of having Lorette decide to go off with Domino—an ignominious surrender to the bankrupt modern viewpoint that the only possible thing to do is always to follow the emotional vagaries and attractions of the moment. A true artist handling this comedy material would have seen the far more interesting possibilities in the withdrawal of Domino, leaving Lorette to puzzle for long years over a memory that was not a memory, over a lost romance that was pure invention, and over the curious exaltation that would have come with the sacrifice of a dream.

There is much in the second act that prepares one for this less obvious ending. Lorette is a bit of a fool, of course, but a very charming one with some evidences of underlying character and a distinct penchant for loyalty. As played by Jessie Royce Landis, one could easily imagine her discovering with considerable of a flutter the effect which the aggressive Domino was having on her, and then deciding to live the rest of her life with a fanciful dream rather than plunge into disillusionizing realities. One could imagine her, now a trifle wiser, making a most engaging wife for the mollified Heller. But the author discards all these possibilities, and, with them, his only chance of writing a worth-while comedy.

In the casting of the play, Mr. Brady made the cardinal mistake of selecting the slow and deliberate Rod La Rocque (recently of Hollywood) as the agile and humorous Domino. Where French charm and wit were needed, Mr. Brady has given us merely plodding good looks and clumsy diction. That sometimes excellent actor, Robert Loraine, is also miscast as the choleric Heller. The play needed a highly emotional Frenchman. It received instead a heavy and downright Englishman. Miss Landis, of course, is a fascinating Lorette with a comedy sense that will be valuable when it is backed by greater technical certainty. Geoffrey Kerr handles the exaggerations of the flat-witted Cremone as well as the play permits.

Miss Le Gallienne's Plans

POSSIBLY the most enheartening prospect of the coming season is the reopening of the Civic Repertory Theatre under Miss Le Gallienne, after a year of darkness. Her theatre has come to represent something quite unique in New York theatrical history—a place where true repertory once more holds sway and supplants the purely commercial instinct of individual play production for maximum box-office results.

Among the novelties which Miss Le Gallienne has decided to add to her former repertory is a production with musical score of "Alice in Wonderland." The costumes will follow closely the Tenniel drawings of classic memory. The musical score is by an English composer, Richard Addinsel. Anyone who is wrongly convinced that the Civic group is an overserious organization solely dedicated to Ibsen gloom should have a chance, as in "Peter Pan" of former years, to discover how whole-heartedly these Ibsenites can rollick when the mood seizes them.

Then, too, there is to be a revival of "Liliom"—that Molnar fantasy in which Miss Le Gallienne first achieved real importance as an emotional actress. It will be interesting to see if, with the experience and technical maturity gained by five years in repertory, Miss Le Gallienne can add another cubit to the stature of her first work in this play. Joseph Schildkraut will again play the title part. Another interesting offering will be a play by Eleanor Holmes Hinckley based on the life of Jane Austin, and called "Dear Jane." There would also seem to be real possibilities in a new play by Gordon Bottomley in which he carries us back of Shakespeare's tragedy to the early life of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. The play is called "Gruach."

Most of the old and valued members of the Civic group will be back in their old places in the permanent company, with Joseph Schildkraut as a new permanent member. Among the plays continued—and the mere naming of them is a high tribute to the Civic's achievement in and for our theatre—will be "Cradle Song," "Romeo and Juliet," Chekov's "Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard," and two Quintero plays, "The Women Have Their Way" and "The Lady from Alfaqueque," "Peter Pan," "Alison's House," "Camille," and several of the Ibsen group. It is quite true that the more pretentious Theatre Guild has introduced many important plays to our stage, but one questions whether even their enterprise has contributed as much solid fare and has kept the older glamorous spirit of the theatre as fully alive as Miss Le Gallienne and her company of devoted artists and intrepidly hard workers.

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How marvelously Willa Cather has restored the virtue of words to serve in the conveyance of an artist's sense of the wonder, and pity, and beauty, and mystery of human life is most amply demonstrated in her latest book. If there is a bookcase in any literate household in which a copy of "Obscure Destinies" does not stand (but, well-worn, often taken down for use), then such a household is to be pitied, and should be immediately rescued from its poverty.

I do not intend to describe the three tales of "Obscure Destinies." In a sense, it could not be done; any more than one could describe the content of a piece of Mozart, or of Wagner. This does not mean that the stories are at all obscure, even if the men and women they deal with are. Each story is quite plain and straightforward, full of details, but always significant details, telling about real persons, on a farm, or in a small town, amidst the immensity of the plains of the West; all of whom (so far as the main characters are concerned: Mr. Rosicky, the Bohemian farmer; old Mrs. Harris; and the two friends who at last quarrelled) die as the stories end. Only, they do not die. They live in this book, and will continue to do so as long as authentic literature possesses any power in America. For there can be no stinting of one's statement concerning Willa Cather's work. She is permanently great. If challenged to prove this, I could only point to the scene where Mandy, the Negro drudge, the bound girl, washes Grandma Harris's swollen feet. If that page does not belong to immortal literature, I know not where else to look for it. Yet, while that passage is particularly illuminated by the purest light of beauty, throughout the whole book that light glows and gleams, a living light, like candles on an altar in a shrine dedicate to human pity and love; and also like sunshine on a field of corn, or like the moonshine which transmuted the dust of the roadway where the child watched the two friends talk, and part at last, their friendship wrecked so unnecessarily, and die. Yet still they live—as Willa Cather's work will live.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Fatal Smallness

The Family Circle, by André Maurois; translated by Hamish Miles. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

RETURNING to the novel, M. Maurois has developed a theme which is both original and strong in irony. Briefly, it is the biography of Denise Herpain. As a young child she rebels against what her mother, Germaine, was, an adored and faithless wife. Her whole life, because of this early hatred of her mother symbolized by her native town, is shaped around her rebellion. Yet when the book ends, Denise finds herself merely another Germaine in different circumstances. Thus the author, subconsciously at least, admits fatalism and the importance of heredity. Indeed the reader must seize the implication that Denise's daughter will reënact the same family cycle.

M. Maurois has written with great cleverness and distinction. He has been an artist in his selectiveness save when, on those fortunately few occasions, he has allowed the historian to sit at his elbow. A host of characters push through to reality on the spur of a few well-chosen descriptions. The atmosphere of a wool provincial town is recreated with deft strokes. The flavor of the various periods, which cover over thirty years, is skilfully captured. Never emphasized nor elaborately detailed in that Freudian jargon which spoils so many novels, Denise's psychology is built up with truth and clarity. However, the novel's appeal is one made to intellect rather than emotion.

JOHN [illegible]

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Sources of Inspiration

Immigrant Gifts to American Life, by Allen H. Eaton. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. $3.00.

THIS beautifully illustrated and most stimulating book is sub-titled, "Some Experiments in Appreciation of the Contributions of Our Foreign-born Citizens to American Culture." Anyone who picks it up at his library—and it is a book that certainly every public library of the least importance should have—will be rewarded by even a casual perusal of it. His appreciation of the rich variety of art which the later-day pilgrims and cavaliers from all the nations have brought to our shores, will be encouraged. That grey and negative Americanism which has been an unhappy result of the coincident development of our country with the industrial revolution, narrow, artless and largely ugly, has shown a provincial disposition to resist impenetrations of what it holds to be foreign elements. From a consideration of this book, it would seem that art—or as it is loosely defined, work done for the love of it, expressive of gaiety and color—is a foreign product here; and as a generality open of course to exceptions, it is treated with indifference.

Specifically the book is a record of the notable exceptions, of attempts to alter the narrow attitude of protest and bring to various communities some intimations of the richness, not in money certainly, but in living, which the humble, struggling immigrants have to offer. To refuse these offers, to cultivate a second generation from foreign-born parents who will have no traditions of art, nothing they can do superlatively well, a generation even a little ashamed of their ancestral arts, would certainly be a bitter reproach to the intelligence or the hope of America. A good part of the book is devoted to reports of actual exhibitions and folk festivals held in various cities.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

An Early Progressive

Alexander the Great, by Ulrich Wilcken; translated by G. C. Richards. New York: The Dial Press. $3.00.

TO THE student of the history of the world, who is interested in the comparison of personalities and results, Dr. Ulrich Wilcken's "Alexander the Great" supplies deep wells of facts and suggestion that carry one upward and onward from the Alexander of the school books to a very definite, decisive personality who developed centuries of unbroken influence. Out of this new book a world-embracing genius steps forth in a very human psychological appraisal. It seems much easier to construct the Alexander who was conqueror of the East in his twenties when this very able biographer interprets the greatness and wisdom of his political conceptions.

It is an amazing and very satisfactory piece of biography, and G. C. Richards has made an inspiring translation. Reading the book it becomes easy to understand why Alexander, the soldier, whose legions loved him with a rare affection, found it an easy matter to inject his policies into the minds of the leaders of other nations. His dwelling place seems to have been a recognized powerhouse for progressive thought, so that his influence on the historic Europe of his dreams surpassed that of Caesar or even of the Napoleonic myth.

The romantic legends that play such an important part in the schoolroom study of Alexander blend into the Wilcken biography with easy familiarity. Aristotle had much to do with the early lessons to Alexander. The voluptuary, Philip, his father, sorely tried the aspiring youth. Their impress and that of others on the life of Alexander the Great is interestingly portrayed.

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Briefer Mention

Art and Beauty, by Max Schoen. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

TO THE not inextensive list of books devoted to aesthetics Mr. Schoen, of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, adds a treatise the best characteristic of which is an earnest endeavor to establish definitions. "Art" and "beauty" are viewed as two separate things, confusion of which has wrought no end of harm to discussion. Mr. Schoen is particularly fortunate, however, in dispelling such illusions as that genius is always sickly, or that inspiration is a relatively unimportant matter. On these and similar topics the author writes with admirable commonsense blended with a sincere reverence for the creative act. Elsewhere it is more difficult to follow him. Especially the chapter on poetry will hardly satisfy those for whom verse is of major interest. One is occasionally surprised, too, by the nature of the illustrative material—e.g., Ludwig's remarks on Goethe. But on the whole this volume is well worth reading.

Über Psychoanalyse und Individualpsychologie, by J. Donat. Innsbruck, Austria: Felician Rauch. RM 8.

PROFESSOR RAUCH, of the University of Innsbruck, has written what is doubtless the best general treatise, from a Catholic point of view, on the systems of Adler and Freud. A few monographs published here and there have been more profound and learned, but the present book is well adapted to the average educated lay reader. It offers a careful exposition of psychoanalytic method, studies the philosophical doctrine on which this is based, and concludes that if both Freudians and Adlerites had been content with making their modest contributions to the science of psychology there would be little fault to find with them. Since, however, they have "developed" shrewd observations into "views of life" that are in conflict with Christian teaching and tradition, the Catholic student is obliged to essay the difficult and frequently thankless task of winnowing a little wheat from a great deal of chaff.

The Idea of Progress, by J. B. Bury; with an introduction by Charles Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE REASONS which impel Dr. Beard to sponsor a reissue of Bury's sketch of the history of an idea which fascinated thousands of minds are, of course, not ours. Nevertheless the book is welcome, if only as a convenient résumé of speculations which have long since been an active ferment in the mind of the race. Of course it is no longer adequate. Bury could not know the great amount of light thrown on the matter by researches into the history of mediaeval chiliastic movements and into the aims of semi-modern secret societies. But his book remains valuable, however critical one may be of certain tentative conclusions.

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